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PHIDIAS

AND OTHER POEMS

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F. W. GUNSAULUS



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PHIDIAS

AND OTHER POEMS

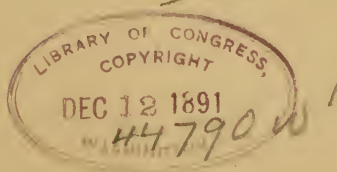
PHIDIAS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
FRANK W. GUNSAULUS
"



CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1891



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PHIDIAS

PHIDIAS.

SCENE:—*The Prison of Athens.* TIME:—*About 430 B. C.*
Phidias has received his visitors, Aspasia and his own son.

Welcome, Aspasia, to my prison here!
Oft hath she welcomed Phidias' steps, my son,
Where silver-streaming fountains blessed her
 flowers,
And Pericles looked out on purpled isles.

Ah! thinkest strange that on grey walls I see
That sunset-night slaves paddled through so slow,
When Anaxagoras spake gems, and thou,
Aspasia, mused concerning things divine,—
That night we saw young Socrates alone
Stand on the wave-touched beach a-questioning?

'Tis true I learned through Polygnotus' eye
The joy of color myriad-toned and pure;
But that one night outshone his palette's wealth.
Shells brought imprisoned orients ashore,
And coral boughs o'er pale sea forests shone,
As surges rose from lustrous quietude.
Then the full West, incarnadined and calm,
Blent with the sea; and every white-wreathed crest
Caught fire, and gleamed with ruby down to deeps
Unfathomed as sweet dreams. The reddened main
Was still. It seemed gods quaffed Ægean wine.

We stayed all night with Anaxagoras.
He banished all save One God from our thoughts.
The morning broke from streaming headland cliffs
Oft chafed by storm and brine, let slip the net
Of sunbeams spread along the whelmèd coast,
And roused the sea 'neath filament of fire
Till, East and West, there foamed the troubled gold.

Rememb'rest thou, Aspasia, that one night
With Pericles and Anaxagoras
The sage,—that night aglow with noon of faith
For Phidias here? Yea, I am here for this:
That I believe One God rules over all.
Most true, I have been charged ere this, thou know'st,
O thou, Aspasia, whom I wrought in gold
And ivory, pure white,—Athenè, there!—
Charged with purloining their Athenian coins.
Thy Pericles—thou lovest him, as I—
Had warned me. "So carve thou the gold," he said,
"That when my enemies and thine accuse
Thou canst, if need come, show its weight to them.
So shalt thou meet revilers of our fame."
Thou dost remember how they took me first
To gaol. The trial came, and Pericles,
Who saw me doomed, cried out: "One witness more!"
They shouted: "Who?" "The statue," answered he.
Then Menon, my accuser, dropped his leash.
Yet to the Parthenon, like dogs enraged,

Defeated of my blood, they clambered up.
Did thy heart stir, O white Acropolis,
When balances hung shining, trembling there
Aglow with splendor of my unstained name?

How soon Greece may forget! Athens forgot
That clamor of the day Athenè shone
In maiden majesty o'er happy Greece.

E'en now, O fair Aspasia, it returns,—
That day of the unveiling, sun-filled day.
That one triumphant day comes like a dream
And builds serene its grandeur on the flood.
Rememb'rest thou? The glinting lights of dawn,
Rippling in radiance of flowing streams,
Brightened the sculptured frieze, then slowly fell
So soon dismayed from white intolerant,
Entablatured and wrought with ancient thoughts
Of gods and men to form the unity
And perfect beauty of our Parthenon.

I see my frieze upon these sweating walls
More shining than on yon Acropolis.

All Greece was there,—a gaze of eager eyes,
A look proud and self-centered, such as beamed
From her when Persian hordes at Salamis
Crimsoned the gulf. Pride sat in every eye,
Greeting the glory of my finished frieze.
A stream flowed from Piræus to the base
Of the Acropolis; another stream
Of joyous men, with beasts for sacrifice,
Roaring and wildly breaking 'gainst the staves,
Trampling the slaves and litters underfoot;
A stream of women, jeweled for that hour,
With unveiled brows and fine embroidered robes,
From Archanæ; streams purple with the glow
Of fillets; streams of bronze, for slaves thronged
there;
Streams of nobility and wisdom swept
From villages and cities over Greece,

Making a river like to Homer's sea,
Winding beneath the height wherefrom shone fair
And sparkled on the flood—the Parthenon.

And then that hour, the instant in that hour,
When proud Corinthian and Dorian
And Attic Greek and strange Laconian
Were one before a sight undreamed, sublime !
Their shout enwrought within its wealth of tone
The mingled harmonies of blissful states.
I hear it yet, Aspasia, yea, my son,
Loud as the roaring of Ægean waves;
Sweet as the breezes through their perfumed hair
Who crowded near Aspasia then, my child.
All of that one vast instant comes to me.
What rapture for a sculptor chainèd here!
I wake such memories in striving, oft
Forgetful of my gaol,—and find the walls.
Ah, that celestial instant! Zeus has none
More sweet or more exalted in His realm!

I feel e'en now the corded veil, and see
The Grecian officers intent, and him
Thou lovest, sweet Aspasia, Pericles;—
See over all, behind the veil as yet,
Athenè Parthenos,—form breathing soul.
And when I pulled the veil aside, so still
That throng, I thought the naked slave far out
Upon its edge heard sounds of Phidias' heart.
And then the shout, the laurel Pericles
Dropped on this head, white-garlanded with age!
But most that long and loving look,—the gaze
Of Athens,—that whispered word, "*Aspasia!*"
Whose wondering tones assured me I had made
Athenè breathe and speak,—a mortal form
Glow and command in immortality.

I knew not, O Aspasia, how he loved,—
Nay, Pericles adored,—until that hour,
That moment when with eager joy he placed
The other sweeter garland on thy brow.

Yea, I am here imprisoned, son and friend,
As Pericles himself is cursed of Greece;
Not, as men say, alone because thy shield,
Athenè, bears old Phidias on its front,
Or Pericles, and I am thus profane.
Nay! Greece, besotted by her rabble gods,
Fond of the Bacchic dance, and fonder still
Of Dionysiac orgies, shameless crimes,
Grows weary of the mind all masterful
In Pericles, who pities woman's shame,
Sees woman's daydawn in Aspasia's face,
And will not worship gods whom they adore,
Forsooth, because their rites, unclean and base,
Support poor, greedy Greeks through sacrifice.
Whatever else has been my crime, these chains
Were not, had never Anaxagoras
Breathed his celestial truth upon our minds.
My art has never wallowed in their shame;
My chisel never left a lustful trace
Upon a brutish god aflame with wine.

And so "an atheist," the whisper goes.
Thy friend, Aspasia! friend of Pericles!
Ah, had I with a million darics wrought
Till pulsate gold shone in a swinish crowd
Of gods, I had been free. But, rather, I,
Who worship One, have wrought Olympian Zeus.

To Elis Phidias went an atheist,—
If counting many gods, and beast-like gods
A mocking of the One God ruling all
Makes Phidiassuch,—and there I wrought long years;
Thought through the plastic gold brought to my hand;
Felt through the ivory my chisel touched;
Climbed high above Olympus, as I toiled
With clamps and bars within Olympic Zeus;
Wished Zeus had blood like ours to give for men,
That day the ponderous core and frame of wood
Were saturate with oil, lest they might change,
While oil dripped down upon the marble black
And made the Parian border edge of gold;

Saw pettiness of men and thought of God;
Ensculptured in my soul what hands like these
May never mould; traced lines of power divine
Outrunning fancies, kneeling while I dreamed.
Oh, I have lived and wrought and wept and prayed
In every chisel course, in every scratch
Left by my file's burr through those lucent hours
My Zeus Olympian found Him human form.
I have compressed His thunder, felt His heart.
There is One God,—Yea, and He must be good.

If men will come in years to be, and wait
Beneath that shadow, finding ivory
And gold their minister or comforter,
Then shall the whisper of the majesty
And might in Zeus, proved true in echoed hopes,
Make answer eloquent in human souls.

Scarce came I back to Athens, when they said,
Through an accuser: "Mould a joyous god."

I answered: "Athens knows me; I am old."
Then my accuser, careless of the years
Whose slow, soft melody pervaded all,
Acquiring for me subtler harmony
For quarry-blows or chisel-strokes of mine,
Or ring of hammered gold, that wrought themselves
Within the music of my troublous life,
In the great name of Athens,—how it sounds!
Cast an insinuating smile on me,
And asked me, if I yet believed her gods
The Dionysiac orgies eddy round,
To carve a festive god, assured in joy,
So happy in his laughing face, that men
Of Athens, doubtful if her gods survive
The thoughts of Anaxagoras, would look
But once upon the moulded shape, then shout:
"Our gods, behold! breathe immortality."

What answer made I? Thou rememberest.
Nay? I could only tell them: "I am old."

I caught the sneer upon his gaze intent.
For, like a punctured cloud, it turned to drops
Falling for sorrow o'er my weary age.
Those rainbow smiles,—shame that they dazzled me
Into believing Athens truly sought
My chisel's craft again. And so the spy
Spake on, as to a soldier called once more,—
The last,—to fling his life across some deep
For Athens,—aye, for Pericles, my friend,—
To walk upon to safety. Thus I said:
“My past is golden treasure none may rob.
What thief e'er snatched a sunset from the sky?
These Western mountains where my sun goes down
Lie far beyond a river deep with years.
No robber stems its current; and the glow
Of jeweled hours unlost, that quickens far
Beneath that singing flood, will ne'er grow dim
Till every shining gravel in the stream
Abysmal as my soul shall wear away.
Ah, nay! I'll sit me here and wait the night.

'Ignoble,' sayest thou? 'Thou mayst create
Another past?' I was a leader then;
I could not follow now. 'Lead, then,' they shout?
Calm, calm, my soul! Let them not lure thee on.
Mine eyes fail now. I miss the foe, and stray
From points of peril and of victory.
Nay, ask me not. I may but stay behind
Or totter on, my stumbling feet assured
Of this alone, that o'er the meadow's frost
They leave the zigzag path of age. Some child
Will strain to step within my wanderings,
And lose his own straight course, and youth's warm
lips

Curse age for leaving tears within the flowers
Looked on by me, mixing the dew-drops sweet
With saltness from an old man's brackish heart.
I wander. But forgive me; I am old.
'Tis best to turn my musings Westward now.
The windows burn. My past is treasured gold."

Then silent walked we on. I yet believed
Athens was proud of Phidias. O my child,
Let not thy happiness depend on men
Or on thy chisel's sharpened edge. Base men
May drown the plaudits of a vanished day
In whispers; dullards blunt the edge so far
Thou shalt not know thy dear-loved instrument.
Well, walked we on past temples, groves, and streets
Enriched by me, both silent, till he saw
The harbor gay with triremes laurel-decked.
Greeks filled the galley prows, the air with shouts
Of "Salamis!" and "Marathon!"

"Bright flowers
From gardens of a noble past," he said.
"One never comes to glory like to theirs,
Till, like yon three-banked galley drawn ashore,
Men joyous camp beside him on the beach.
Thou hast gone shoreward, Phidias, on the rocks;
Thou dost believe in Anaxagoras."

Then wretches seized me, dragged me near the
groves

White with my marbles. Yonder shone serene
Athenè Parthenos, at Elis Zeus.

Soft on the Parthenon, a graven gem,
Danced happy wavelets of the surging day.
My frieze! O Phidias, that thou saw'st through
tears.

Its sweeping, lingering glory flamed and fell
In shadow on Ilissus' green below.
And then I shouted: "*Pericles, my friend!*"
And heard,—Aspasia, what I heard not now,—
Shall tell thee? "*Pericles is doomed!*" they cried;
And "*Pericles an atheist!*" I heard;
Then something stung my soul, Aspasia fair!
Thy name came hiss-like on the shadowed day.

I thought of Socrates,—a sculptor, too,
Bold questioner of gods and men below.

Aspasia, he has hope for wisdom yet.
And then I cried out in my love for Greece,
"Soft-wooled and olive-shaded Greece, cry thou.
O Socrates, stir throbs within her heart,
Till on the honey-thickened wine she drinks
Greece sees her shameless gods grow wrinkled, die,
And vanish in the twilight Zeus o'erflows
With noonday truth: *There is but one God,—He!*"
Now, prisoned here and praying oft, I die,
Soul worn with weariness of blossoming,
Eye, as I hope, of better Greece herself,
Defrauded of the sight of frieze and forms,
And emptied of the deep and solemn stream
Of joy a man must keep within him, else
He has no sure reflection of the skies.

Our Athens,—not the Athens dragging me
To gaol; the Athens singing songs from him
Whose blindness turned his soul's sight on the gods,
The while Troy's town and Helen's heart of flame

Burned over seas and lands through lingering
years,—

That Athens lived too deeply not to find
The wide place of the gods' evanishment.
Son—friend! ye understand me,—he it is—
Homer, the peerless poet, smiled and sang,
Laughed as he dreamed, and scaled Olympus' hight,
And left such vision of the nod of Zeus,
It lived, until I wrought it as I prayed.

They ask me: "Who thy master? Hegias old?"
I answer: "Homer,"—and my critics smile.
"'Twas Hegias taught thee in thy docent youth,
Ageledas, the Argive, trained thy hand."
Aspasia, nay! 'twas Homer trained my soul.
What hand is facile when the soul's untrained?
That breath of Homer filled me with the sky,
Gave me the vision of immortal Zeus;
His ardent song, ensculpturing and free,
Wrought the great image, and I placed it there.

Yea, we have lived so deeply, sagely here,
I may not mould a smirking, gay-flowered god.
Thought tears poor garlands off, and fancies flee ;
Thought finds the world and life are truer far
Than gods,—I mean the gods of festivals,
The Dionysiac rabble, half divine,
Half bestial. Life with men leaves gods to hate
And sport and lust, or oft discovers late
One God alone. The rest are human dreams
Within His shade, projected follies thrown
Upon the shivering dark enclosing man.

I carved my Zeus,—for I believe in Zeus,—
Carved Him in ivory. Would I had stuff
As rich and priceless as the dream of God
Men find inbreathing earth and skies and souls.
I clothed with gold this Zeus. Would it were fine
As are those breaths that float from some vast life
Enfolding, surging through the flowers and stars.
Yea, I believe in one Almighty Mind.

Disciples we of Anaxagoras.

I could not make Him smile, shape a huge grin
To bless with smirking, base content the feasts
Where life,—and life is vast,—grows small and poor,
Where goat-hoofed satyrs yawn and swill their wine,
Where foul libations drizzle down their beards,
Where underneath the ivy and the thyme
Life reels, then shudders at a carven urn.

If I were Zeus Himself, I could not smile
From some far distant, safe Olympian height,
While men,—and are not men Zeus' offspring
here?—

Wallow below, unsouled in passion's fire.
Think ye a God, who rules the world for good—
And all must be for good, if ruled at all—
Can laugh at Phallic rites grown hideous,
Or smile on beastliness in sodden Greeks,
Or shake Olympus with His sport, when foul
And crime-red fountains spurt across His gaze?

Nay, were I Zeus, tears,—God must weep at times
O'er men,—tears would be mine; and so, sublime
In piteous rule, I moulded Him. I would
That I had dared to make Him sorrowful.

Ah, this is true to mine own heart, though slow
It beats: no Greek may see my Zeus august,
And not lift up his head, straighten his thoughts
To high emprise, shake from his robe his care
For common happiness, and dare to strive
Far toward the god-like I have there expressed.

But Zeus hath duties. Aye, e'en God is bound,
Bound by infinities, bound by Himself.
Men are his offspring—Father He. He must,
If He be God, account for us, His own.
Men's sorrows, failings, agonies, and wrong,
Zeus must know these,—the fight of wrong with
right.
And shall He thunder only—thunder loud

Upon His far Olympus, when we fall
And glut our lust and passion at His feet?
"Zeus, hear me! Hast but thunder when we cry
With stains that burn and ravage in the soul?"
So prayed I till I dreamed He answered me.

I moulded Zeus; was sure He must be good.
Believed if He is good He must be kind.
I carved my Zeus of ivory and gold.
Aspasia, Friend, I even thought our Zeus
Must sometimes yearn in pity over men,
So yearn that He would save them from their
 wrongs;
And so I wrought that mercy in His face.

And Phidias now hath found his place, the gaol
Of Athens! What his crime? Two crimes are his,
Offenses not opposed, save in their fruit.
Can he be guilty of them both? The first,
That he has placed upon Athenè's shield

The visage of himself with half-bald pate,
And Pericles, a warrior helmeted ;
And that Athenè's face and form are thine,
Aspasia. Now what signifies this act
Of mine? This—this alone, that I believe
Celestial things and things terrestrial are,
In very nature, close enough allied;
That gods have dealt with men, might live with them,
Wear human story on their arms, and face
Time's clouded outlook toward infinity
With eyes contemplate, human as thine own.
Thus have I humanized the gods, they cry.

That is the surging of the flowing tide
Against me. Sentiments have ebbing hours
As well. Thoughts seem opposed, each one a foe ;
'Tis but the back and forward wave's unrest;
So is the second charge the echoed first,
Lodged on the tongues of Greeks who see or feel
Some reflue alone of moving thoughts.

What have I done, Aspasia, son? 'Tis this:
I placed thee, greatest woman, in the realm
Of gods—a goddess. Thou, Aspasia, thou
And Pericles in graven majesty
Offend the petty idlers. This their cry,
That Phidias makes mortality divine.

They know not bringing men and gods so close
Upon Athenè's shield brought forth my thought
Of Zeus, and left Him but a handbreadth off!
A handbreadth? Would that I might make it less!
A heartbeat's distance is too far for men.
The skies enfold their sovereign energies
On great Olympus' top. I prayed to Zeus,
E'en while I moulded Him in ivory,
Or filed some dream of God within the gold:
"Oh, let me bring Thee close to our flat earth
Where swarm the cares of men, make Thy heart beat
Through gold and ivory, till purblind Greek

And fierce Barbarian alike shall know
The awful goodness of Omnipotence."

This gaol for Phidias now! what lies ahead
For Socrates, the wise young sculptor? Gaols?
More. Socrates proclaims the gods are One;
And sometime that One God, whose thoughts of men
Are kind, must speak to them. This in his youth,
Poor child of Sophroniscus! Carving gods
Scarce juster than the minds of unjust men,
Scarce nobler than the lust-flame of their dance,
Is safer far than questioning the gods.

This doubter, Socrates, philosopher,
Trains with Euripides. So, tragedies
Athens will hear, filled with philosophy
Missed by the chisel's edge. His queries pierce
The direst phantoms; surer far their way
Than any sculptor's tool. Still I believe
My chisel point oft glinted with the truth.

This Socrates talks much of life beyond.
Would there were life beyond! Why should I live
To die and then be urned, my dust too deaf
To hear loquacious Greeks say as they pass:
"There Phidias' ashes are. He died in gaol."
Is all my gathered power to render clear
The visioned beauty of a god or man
Thus urned? Is all the quickened light within
To darken suddenly at Hades' gate,
Proved valueless by death, e'en in a stream
Of things as needful of the light as this
We wade in, are a part of, trouble oft,
To find our guesses proven rushlights poor?
Is there no harvest from this life I live
Worth sowing elsewhere? Zeus, it must not be
That, as the wavering and blundering
Of hands once firm, responsive to my soul,
Witness the dying of my body here,
I have no otherwhere for the soul's youth
To carve or mould, in lines that perish not,

These fresh, vast visions I see first, what time
Life ends here trembling at the brink of death.

And then, Zeus must be just. His shining chain
Of worlds would fall apart if He were else
Than just. He dare not let a sculptor die
In gaol, walled by injustice, hissed as I,
Unless somewhere His justice find him out
In Hades' streets and call him to His feast.
Athens hath prisoned me. I die in gaol.
Hath justice no realm elsewhere where Zeus rules?
If so it be that Zeus doth justly rule,
This very Phidias Athens scorns to-day
Must have a life and being there with Zeus,
Until his wounds be healed, and new-stirred hopes,
Rousing the living artist in old flesh,
Find full-expressioned life. Nay, I must live!

Young Socrates hath spurned the sottish gods
To worship Zeus—the One Transcendent Mind.

This questioner hath wondered, yearned to ask
If Zeus might not come near to men, or give
Some hint or sure disclosure of Himself.
Aspasia, Zeus must know how dark it is
Without some light-thread stretched beyond our
urns.

Shall it not be some day He'll come Himself?
And, if He come, He must live man's life through,
Die,—can a god die in a world like ours?—
And die so in men's eyes, that evermore
They'll live assured of life unkilld by death.

These, day by day, in filing on the gold,
These, night by night, in dreams of ivory,
These, every hour I saw my statue speak
To my tired soul the mystery and power
Of mind and truth and justice,—such as are
Beneath and over, through and round the world
To rule it,—these, I say, looked out at me

As, through a storm-drenched sky, night-worn and wild.

Grey harbingers of daytime peered the while
Hymettus, wrapped in olive-shade and plumed
With chestnut blossoms white, stood welcoming.
And these be dreams? Zeus, they were mine. Take
thanks.

Such hints of hope outshone my burnished gold.

What is this "*word of God*" our Socrates
Finds shadowy in the hot and blinding day,
And bright as thousand suns consolidate
When life is darkest? Were I young again,
Unchained as he, my file and chisel point,
Obeying nimble fingers touched anew,
Would think it out, or feel it out, in stone.
The dream exhausts Pentelicus itself!
Mayhap the last white slab of quarried stone,
The last gold grain within the incrustated earth,
Or some unborn brute's tusk aflash within

The lonely noontide of a forest plain,
Will yield to him who visions God himself
A hint of truth so rare and infinite
In stir of faculty or aim, that Zeus,
Olympian Zeus, shall seem so crude a toy
For men who played Him in their dream of God,
They will do well to leave Him with that wreck,
Cast on the silvered beaches of the soul.

Nay, not till Zeus, or God named otherwise,
Shall come to men as man, and live man's life
Enfleshed, thus finding richer stuff than gold
To cover Him, or manifest,—that day
May my Zeus topple down. Zeus, hasten thou !
O Phidias, thou wouldst lose thy laurel leaves
To know that ever here, where flesh oft glows
With spirit's fire or festers with disease,
Begot of crime more often still, Zeus, God
Would surely come, enshrined, alive as man,
Veined, muscled, and environed with this flesh.

Ah, dream like that would re-create the world.
The fact would bind it to Zeus' throne of gold.

Aspasia, son, ye think me mad in gaol?
One day it seemed my statue toppled down
Half finished; gold and ivory clanged loud
Upon the close-laid marble floor beneath.
'Twas in the raptured fullness of an hour
That realized eternity for me,
When high Olympus vanished as a speck
From new-horizoned life all compassing,
And petty fables of the happy gods
Were lost within the grandeur I beheld
In Zeus—the One God—God of earth and skies.
“O Zeus,” I cried, “art always dumb to men?
Here, like a slave, I toil and feel for Thee
With painful stroke or careful touch. Canst Thou,—
And if Thou canst,—speak Thou! Where is the line
I crush through in the ivory and break,

The line divine I quake to mar, or yearn
To see, environing Thy features here?"

And when I turned that flowing line or curve,
Making Him good and beautiful as strong,
And saw the shine of something tenderer
Than majesty of power, I thought of love
And was afraid to strike again. "O Zeus,"
I cried once more, "I will not break this line.
If Thou dost rule the world by love, 'tis true;
If Thou art else than Love, I will believe
Thee false, and leave this lie accordant here
With all I hope or love, and live by that
In joy, since by Thine awful power alone
I can not live; die as a man in joy,
That I have dreamed Thee better than Thou art,
Assured that somewhere I shall find the truth,—
Love vaster, holier than Thou, O Zeus!"

* * * * *

Still I believe Zeus must be Love itself.

I could not change that shining line of Him,
And that one line of tender majesty
Made a new statue. All around its sweep
I gathered other lines, until the thought
Of Love's magnificence had moulded all.
The stubborn tusks of ivory took thoughts,
Like wax in midday; and the lucent gold
Flowed round my vision in obedient streams.

Then my achievement paled before my eyes.
O, sudden cost of dreams to mortal men !

More coarse is ivory of textured white
Than goodness throned above a world like ours.
Gold—how it fades away to dross the while
Love at an instant dawns within the mind
And for long hours dilates unceasingly.
Edge of a chisel—'tis a blunt, cold thing,
Tardy to turn, and dull in its response,
Blundering dimly with a gleam of truth,

When Love's light-wafted, silky phantasies
Float through a sculptor's dizzied brain, and ask
To be left graven on his statue's face.
Files—they are rough and stiff, or scratch too deep,
Seem clumsy instruments and mar the gold,
When Love waits in a thundering heart to glow
On Zeus,—that Love enfolding while it rules.
“O Zeus,” I cried at last, “had I again
To mould Thy glory, I would make a heart
Within this form colossal, all of Love!”
Aspasia, these are thoughts profane. My son,
Go thou with Socrates. I die. He lives.
My chisel glistens yet with hopes like his.

Ah! Athens says my art itself is changed.
I would not mould Athenè Promachos
Again. They grant Athenè Parthenos
Is grander far. But why this change in me,
They ask. Athenè Promachos equipped
Spake welcome to the sailor nearing home;

And, armed for war, she taught the warring Greeks.
Power breathes defiant, militant, in her,
E'er since her shadow bronzed the argent sea.
And now, they urge, Athenè Parthenos,
Outrivaling that statue e'en in might,
Stands beauteous, wearing crested helmet. True,
'Tis half up-turned for peace, her shield at rest,
Her shining spear aslant against her arm,
Ungrasped for war, and Victory's form upheld
Within the calm and radiance of her hand.

Aspasia, son, I made them both, ye know;
Wrought thee, Aspasia, in Athenè's form,
The peaceful goddess of the Parthenon.
Wherefore? Because the sea's lashed sides are green
With grasses sprinkled o'er with dews alone,
As once with blood-red surf hurled fast in war.
Aye, son, forget not this: Peace is the goal
And servile war must cease, or help to peace,
To be discharged at length, when o'er the earth

Athenè Parthenos, or He, or That
Whose rule the world obeys, shall speak to men.
Sometimes, Aspasia, it beseems this hope
That woman's heart will throb its day-dawn here.
And so I moulded Zeus compassionate.

An atheist is one who thinks Zeus good.

My Pan-Hellenic Zeus grew mightier
Than Greece. I loved Him while I fashioned Him,
Though it appeared He struggled from me oft,
Looking more widely, as became the God
Whose care of all men makes Him lovable.

And yet I am a Greek, hate Persian arms.
Did not I climb, a boy, upon the walls
Themistocles began, completed now?
Has Marathon no echoes in my breast?
Thermopylæ and Salamis? Look! Nay,
These walls forbid the sight. The Parthenon

Blooms like a graceful plant, its clustered flowers
That frieze of mine,—the long processional
Of Grecian years; and then, Athenè's shield !

* * * * * *

I am a Greek. And Anaxagoras
Is Greek. But man and Zeus are greater far
Than even singing Homer thought or dreamed.

What struggle: soul with God, then soul with stuff
I wrought in! Zeus Omnipotent is strong,
And I was weak. I grasped the thought of Him
And, like an all-compelling wind of heaven,
It swept me on in thought's wild radiance,
Until I dropped my chisel wet with tears.
I sat me on an unworked block of white,
My mind was darkened with intenser light;
And then I wrought again till the line broke,
Line sweeping round the hint I moulded there,—
Hint of the bright serenity of Zeus.
Didst ever feel, Aspasia, earth too small

For the next footstep; that thou mightst step off
The glistening edge of such a petty world?
So seemed the piled-up ivory and gold
For the great line I circled goodness with,
A line supreamer far and lovelier
Than that I left evanishing around
The greatness of His power; for goodness is,
And goodness must be ever greater far
Than greatness. Zeus, shall Phidias e'er forget
How Thy sublimer Self swept over him,
And made impossible the dream he had
Before he knew Thou must be good as great?

They called my Zeus sublime simplicity.
Greeks know the wedded bliss of words like these.
Zeus is sublime; ah, not the Zeus I made,
Unworthy sculptor of the awful God,
But Zeus Himself, the God escaping me,
Those days I wrought to reach Him with my tools,
And fix Him in the dull material.

I only found the edges of my theme,
Discoursed upon it through the plastic stuff.
What might be said of God enthroned o'er all,
If one could see by living in His life;
And then, if one might train the purest gold
Or whitest ivory, as molten stuff
Obedient every fancied touch to keep !
O son, Aspasia, 'tis a dream too fair
For such material as sculptors use.

Zeus must have human flesh and blood like ours,—
Such blood as flames within our Pericles,
When the base East despises Marathon;
Such flesh as quivers, tear-streamed, when the love
Of a robbed heart leaps after death in vain;
Such flesh as ours, translating in itself
What nothing less than flesh itself may know
Of all the earth and sky, of dream and deed,
Of all the anguish-riven laughter here,

Of all the sudden light of something fair
Whose breath comes o'er the boundaries of time.

Zeus must have flesh! then men will say: "Sublime!"

So, straining with desire for Zeus to love,
I made Him. Yet the uttermost I carved,
Or hinted at, is but the nearer edge
Of that supernal dream of Him I have
When earth seems fit to live or die upon.
For, if the day-blue hanging o'er this gaol
Be not a lie, and clouds or javlined nights
Be not more true than skies they fleck or hide;
If the best treasure of our minds be gold
Aglint with light enraptured for the day;
If yearning be not anguish laughed at where
Great Zeus, amused, plays with His thunder-toys;
If Zeus has right to rule: sometime, afar
Or near, that sky will open on our world;
His feet will touch it, find our tangled paths;

He'll wrap men in the glory of Himself,
Live their life once and here, as God would live,
Break through mysterious skies again, and make
His straighter path, twice-traveled, theirs.

'Tis said.

I die, Aspasia. Love to Pericles.

Go thou to Socrates, my son. Farewell.

MISCELLANEOUS

STATUE OF GORDON IN TRAFALGAR
SQUARE.

O true Crusader of the tender heart,
Who, through the clash of steel, felt every tear,
And who, through myriad dangers crowding near,
 Tipped with God's mercy thine invading dart!
Here, in the modern world's imperial mart,
When the fair century grows old and sere,
With stupid kings and laureled sailors here
 Stand thou, where countless human pathways
 part.

Thou didst a true Crusader's aim combine
With orient hope in Afric's blinding heat,
And in a new Jerusalem enshrine
Pure memory of courage in defeat.
Where'er beleaguered heroes wait to die,
Thy bannered name, O Gordon, lights the sky.

OLD AND NEW.

Far o'er the Scheldt, whose waters innocent
Erewhile were led beneath the thick-walled
Steen

To dungeons, where the martyr-fires unseen
Grew yet more bright 'mid drowning cries unspent,
Peals the hugh bell that Charles, munificent,
Gave Antwerp. Oft, the cries of death between,
Its clanging tongue has summoned weapons
keen,

When faith and freedom struggled impotent.
Nay! In this straitened world's expenditure
There are no wasted groans from any heart.
Antwerp hath made the dream of freedom sure;
And, close by red inquisitors, hopes start,
As blood-red dawn yields golden noon and pure.
New music bids it ring another part.

Antwerp, June 15th.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING AND THE
REFORMATION.

The storied Rhine with castle-guarded shore
 Grows yet more silvern, farther from the sea,
 As toward its sources, urging rapidly,
We read in paler light its deathless lore.
The moon shone bright in Mentz, and more and more
 Fell on Thorwaldsen's sculpture silently,
 As 'twere the rare light of eternity.
A message glad with hope the night winds bore,
Speech of that figure echoed in our thought.
 'Twas Gutenberg, the printer, deathless dead,
Who, feeling high demands his dream had wrought
 Within the texture of man's hope, forth led
Beyond the one advantage he had sought,
 Saw more and spake it. "On to Worms!" he
 said.

WORMS.

1521-1891.

We are in Worms. The air is full of sound
That is not music, save as deep discord
Must soon be tuned when melody is lord.
A thrill of hope besets the trembling ground.
Here Rome in Cæsar's time her fortress found;
Yet not his Rome waits where her eagles soared.
Here Henry knelt and Charlemagne here
adored.
Here pope and king, here staff and crown were
bound.
But now Calixtus sleeps; the Saxon dread
Is silent, while, with solemn step and mein,
To the Imperial seat the strong man led
Makes with one word the memorable scene.
'Tis Luther! All the past this present fed.
The reaper he,—his harvest let him glean.

FLOWERS AT HOUGOUMONT.

O daisy white with leaf of green,—

A star of snow unbidden !—

Thou feedest on white bones unseen,

Where life with death was hidden.

Where is the blood of Frenchmen slain ?

I'll ask the maiden yonder.

A rose she brought with crimson stain.

My vision passed to wonder.

Waterloo, June 20th.

WATERLOO.

Far up from fire-glazed walls of Hougoumont,
Along the roadway grey, through clouded fields,
The breath of evening came o'er daisies white
And bloom of gold, whose rootlets still are fed
On bones of brave Hussar and fiery Scot;
And, meeting balmier airs from Mont St. Jean,
Sighed o'er the trench and passed the silent slopes,
Where, piled in death's confusion, lie the foes,
Until, in common shout of Easter Day
To come, the wild, discordant cries of war
Shall blend in lasting melodies of peace.
The ploughman gone, the beggar child at rest,
The hurrying clouds above enfolded all;
Then, forth, along the reddened road to France,
A white-horsed rider, with Imperial Guard,
Rode grimly forth against the solemn night.

A flickering sword flamed toward Genappes, and on
For forty leagues the blood-soaked land awaked,
And once again was Bonaparte sublime.
Batallioned legions rose to greet their chief;
The shout, "Vive L' Empereur !" went up to heaven.
Stars shivered in the skies behind the clouds.
A shout of triumph thrilled sepulchral earth,—
When, lo! his sword fell, and the firm voice spake:
"This is a dream, as mine was but a dream;
Mine was the afterglow of Cæsar's dream,
And this an iridescence pale. A corpse
In foul decay breeds its corruption-glow."

The visage faded, and I heard a cry:
"Helena!"—then a vulture screamed above.

La Belle Alliance, June 19th.

THE WOMAN AND THE FOUNTAIN.

"None understands me, though I strive and weep;
My tears are streams of hope, and vanish soon."
She sighed her sorrow to the heart of sleep;
And nothing answered save a wakened loon.

It flew in darkness, beating aimless ways
Through silent midnight; yet the dull-eyed bird
Told all the burden of her brightest days.
She thanked the saints that e'en a loon had
heard.

On through the night, o'er tiny footpaths sweet,
Up to the fountain streaming in the dark,
With darker heart she climbed, with wounded feet,
When, lo! the spraying silver stopped her.—
Hark!

"None understood me, though I streamed afar
By day and night my crystal column high;
And woke the thrushes with the morning star,
Or made a rainbow in a cloudless sky.

A searcher after snakes struck out my birth
With clumsy stick, and killed a venomed thing.
Would I had burst forth when some angel's mirth
Thrilled to my depths, and I laughed, answering.

Sometimes a year has passed, and none has come
To drink, or wonder at my pearl-filled stream.
Still did I listen to the bee's low hum,
And throb with rapture at the cuckoo's dream.

None understands me, but I understand.
The sun weaves rainbows in my lucent spray.
Moons haste their shining from the ocean strand;
I am their resting place in night's long way."

Then rose a chorus in that midnight calm.

 The birds were singing in the vacant shade;
And forest flowers out-breathed a dream-like balm,
 And unnamed lights amid the shadows played.

“Skies are above us, and God understands.

 Ours but to hear Him and His thoughts fulfill.
He breathes the silence on the seas and lands;
 Ours the responding to His holy will.”

THE DAY.

O many-colored day,
Who wearest on thy head serene
 An orange-blossom crown,
Who makest mountain summits green,
 And far o'er dale and town,
Arrayed in purest blue
 Or softest cloud of white,
Go'st sipping violet cups of dew !
 The cowslip's yellow light
Thy sun-path tells, where slow streams creep;
 And when attendant hours have fled,
 Thou liest down in couch of faintest red
 And gold-flamed indigo, thy marriage bed.
O, sweet thy wedded sleep,
 Thou many-colored day !

Thou wast betrothed,—a bride
 Swift hasting to thine own.
None waited for thee, him beside;
 And now he hath thy crown.
“To-morrow ” is his name, long known
By thee and Him upon the throne,
 Who led thee on. O fair To-day,
 Who gave thee all thy colors,—say ?

“I found a rainbow at the grave of Yesterday,
And for my marriage wrapt me in its colors gay.”

THE ONE HUMANITY.

All other hearts are beating
 In every one;
This morning is repeating
 What yesterday hath done.

All other thoughts are burning
 In each one's light;
They only need our turning,
 As jewels in the night.

I walked 'neath leaping arches
 In yonder fane,—
A soul amid the larches
 That glisten o'er the lane.

Always in walls monastic
My heart is crossed;
The gold of life is plastic
And easily embossed.

There is a pope in scarlet
In yonder rags;
Aha! 'tis but a varlet
Whose dull avenger lags.

Each man is perfect—truly,
When all is found;
No seed may harvest duly,
Until it find its ground.

Cologne Cathedral, June 20th, 1891.

THE COST OF SAVING.

"Some one has touched me,—touched my garment
hem;

For I perceive that power hath issued hence."

There stayed the Christ midway, and journeyed
thence

To her just dropped from Jāirus' diadem,—

A virgin shining pure, worth living, gem

Of Israel. Can Jesus recompense?

He may? Who stopped him? Dared such
give offense?

'Twas one impure,—and cured! He answers them:

"Power hath gone out from me." O, thus began,

Or thus continued, His atonement true.

Drop after drop, His anguished heart gave man

The life that saves, till death o'er anxious grew

To meet Him face to face, with hell's dire clan.

Then Christ gave all, and sin and death o'er-
threw.

"LOVE."

Two lovers stood beneath the trees,
Drinking the night dews in;
They heard no voice except the sea's,
No music save its din.

"Write in the new-ploughed ground," she said,
"The word immortal,—Love"
(Sweet Philomel in darkness sped,
And saw it from above).

His brawny hand grasped tight her own
The word was written there;
Then, without altar and alone,
The lovers knelt in prayer.

One day, from fields of ripened wheat,
The tearful woman came
To pray beside that word so sweet,
And brood upon her shame.

Another day the sounding sea
Breathed harsh upon her face ;
"Afar," she said, "on stranger lea
My lover leaves this trace.

He promised me to write it,—Love,
On every new-found shore;
And heaven may ne'er his soul reprove,
A lover evermore."

Untwisted by the sea's rough breath,
Her hair fell round her shame;
She knew not, yet a blast of death
Sprang up at his dear name.

She started, and her open hand
 Let fall the gathered wheat.
In every letter on that land
 Fell seeds for harvests meet.

Far to her cot, assured of woe,
 Her fearful feet sped fast.
Behind her was the tide's hoarse flow;
 The dream of love was passed.

An autumn hour with red and gold,
 Saw calm beneath that tree
A nestling babe. The mother cold
 Lay dead beneath the sea.

Strong hands have touched the golden hair;
 Moist eyes, in ripened wheat,
Read "Love"—and heard a mother's prayer
 To name her baby sweet.

Each year "Love" grows from green to gold,
Where still the billows moan.
The child named "Love" with tears untold
Goes praying there alone.

Ostend, August 10th.

THE DIVINE STRUGGLE.

Why in the clefts deep-fissured, oft unseen,
Hide beryl, amethyst, and crystal stream?
Why through the heavy skies, that wrathful
seem,
Swing myriad rainbows in the troubled sheen?
Why from the deep-ploughed furrows must men
glean
The yellow harvest of a spring-tide dream,
Find on rough seas the unimagined gleam,
Swift as a morning flashing in between?
Welcome the problems of life's eddied space,
For ours is sonship higher than the stars.
Ours the endeavor of an heavenly race,
And ours to open where the soul unbars
Those secrets whose immortal light apace
Falls on the Throne, nor ever stains or mars.

In the Alps, August 1st.

A MEMORY.

Far through the night, with moon-drenched shroud
and sail,

Sped on the ship; the sailors whispered low,
Lest once again might rouse the dying gale,
Breaking the sapphire into liquid snow.

Storm-swept, life's ship with silence finds a calm;
Cloud-rack and billow melt before God's peace.
While troubled sun-streaks bring a soothing balm;
Naught floats above us save the white cloud-
fleece.

At Sea, August 24th.

LIFE'S MUSIC.

Sway with your breathèd anthem, fir and pine,
Each slender leaf a point within the flood
Of surging majors, by all understood,
Deflecting into minors, as the line
Of harmony divides. Not less divine
Than at the first, the melody. The good
Of life is not less good because we would,
And would in vain, enslave it to our shrine.
Nay! flowing everywhither through the trees,
The straight-sent breath of morning oft divides
Against a spine; and yon Hesperides
Feel, through their apple-orchard's waveless
tides
Of sweet, a music in the severed breeze
Where deeper minor harmony abides.

II.

What truer melody abides with thee,

O trembling plume of green, that crowns the
height?

Shrill wrong that issues from impeded right?
Time-currents severed from eternity,—

As when a river urgent toward the sea,

Pours shreds, when torn apart its main-stream
bright;

And every shred is useless, till from sight
It fades within the darksome, oozy lea?

Ah! shivering tuft of pine, I hear it, too,

On all the high experience of life.

Its sure refrain our stubborn fibres through

Has swept like secret flame, with wisdom rife.
Through swaying branch and trunk, 'tis strangely
true,—

All deepest music is the child of strife.

Weissenstein, July 25th.

LINES WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE
POEMS OF DAVID GRAY.

Foam-flecks of day on murmuring streams of life,
Gloom woven thick with mist of silky white,
Rare sounds of joy in waves of pain, a strife
Subdued, a storm made beautiful with light!

"Ah, nay!" thou sayest, weary of his wound!
"These are but echoes of a fight still on,
Wailed accents hiding in a worried sound,—
The lustre of a day forever gone."

Perhaps. Yet he believed the stars within the night
Were pale with dawn; and he must sing his way
to light.

THE MINISTRY OF DESPAIR.

Into the garden of my life's delight,
Trampling with clumsy feet its sweetest flower,
Came gaunt despair, beneath whose cruel power
The shivering lilies darkened, and in flight
The white-winged singers left the hapless site.

When, searching for the rootlets 'neath my
bower

With dull-eyed anger, that could only lower,
He left the warm ground flowerless in his might.
He dreamed not some were blossoms filled with
seed.

And so his haughty hand hath cleared the
ground

Of too thick growths, and filled the upturned mead
With dearest germs that sorrow ever found.
O brighter hope, how rich this dark-born deed!

E'en now I hear the harvest music sound

CONTRARIES.

I.

A lately reddened leaf went whirling through the
first wild storm of snow;
A faintly caroled song came floating o'er a mid-
March, shrieking blast;
A swiftly frozen drop fell gleaming to June's rose-
warm breast below;
Then chastely-moving death brought kisses to
love's ardent lips and passed.

II.

A nameless care as old as time sat regent on the
face of youth;
A nascent glory like a dawning quickened in the
eye of age;
Dark wrong embraced the white-robed right and
error crowned the brow of truth;
Then One who breathed eternity called changeful
earth His heritage.

III.

Things are in process still; the segment-ends are
these of circles bright

Within the plane upturned today. The fiery circles
move but slow.

Things are in process; yet the troubled chord
grows sweeter day and night.

These be but hints of music from above dropped
down to earth below.

TRUE LOVE.

Sweeter than faith in morning's dewy bloom,
Upsprung beside some faithless dogma's tomb,
Comes from the ashes of a base desire
Incense arising after faded fire.

Dearer than kisses on impassioned lips,
Or throbbings in the reaching finger tips,
Are pressures of a woman's holy hands,
When God, or love unblushing, understands.

Ah, God is Love. His love must e'er enfold
Each true love with a living cloth of gold.

FRAGMENT.

Thoughts crystallized in cool experience
Are windows. Falling from enriching skies,
A single liquid pearl of truth aslant
Is broken into multitudinous gems,—
Each smallest drop an orb of perfect truth.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

Behind the cold, dark steel where stubborn billows
part,

In low, tumultuous thunder throbs a fiery heart.

At Sea, July 10th, 1891.

RAINBOWS IN BROKEN WAVES.

As through a smitten wave whose summit breaks
in spray,

The shattered light finds paths, and myriad colors
play;

So, on the lawless crest of deep but broken dreams,
Law lays the vast foundations of her realm with
gleams

Celestial, changeless with eternal change; and
they

Are bright-walled pathways through the pathless,—
God's swift way.

NOTES

NOTE I.—Page 9.

“‘Phidias, the son of Charmides, the Athenian, made me,’ was the proud but simple inscription, in which the sculptor was permitted to record for immortal memory this achievement,—one of the wonders of the world. The famous lines of Homer, describing the nod of Zeus, were the inspiration under which he wrought:

“‘This is the mightiest sign, for a clear, irrepealable purpose

Waits an accomplishment sure, when the nod of my head
is the token.”

So did he speak, and pausing he signed with his shadowy
eyebrows;

And the ambrosial curls from the head everlasting were
shaken.

And at the nod of the king deep trembled the lofty
Olympus.’

Phidias, having completed his greatest works at Athens, removed, on a public invitation, with his most eminent pupils, to Elis, where he had a studio assigned him near the sacred grove of Altis. Here he began his most illustrious task, in 437 B. C., and finished it in four years. The style of sculpture was that called the Chryselephantine, or ivory and gold. The god was repre-

sented seated on a throne of cedar-wood, adorned with gold, ivory, and precious stones; crowned with a wreath of olive; holding a statue of victory in his right hand and a sceptre surmounted by an eagle in his left. The royal *peplos*, which covered the lower part of the statue, was of beaten gold, variegated with chased and painted figures. The throne and the platform on which it rested were richly adorned with painted and sculptured compositions of mythological subjects, which were all enumerated by Pausanias. The quantity of gold used was enormous. According to Lucian, each lock of hair weighed six minæ. In the judgment of the ancients the statue stood at the head of all Hellenic art, and was regarded with superstitious veneration as the real presence of the deity in the material form. Elis became the sanctuary of peace; the clang of arms was never allowed to break in upon the sacred repose of the region blessed by the direct supervision of the king of gods and men. Livy says that Ælius Paulus, in his march through Greece, 'went up through Megalopolis to Olympia, where he was affected in his mind as if he had beheld Jupiter in present form, and ordered a sacrifice more magnificent than usual to be prepared.' The author of an epigram in the Anthology says: 'Either the god descended from heaven to his form, or thou, O, Phidias, didst go up to behold the god.'—*Felton, Ancient and Modern Greece.*

"An oracle addressed to Sulla combines beauty with

grandeur as the chief characteristic of this work. Dionysius of Halicarnassus praises in it its solemnity, grandeur and dignity. And still with all its grandeur it had perfect simplicity, as is shown by the effect it produced upon others, who were chiefly struck with the beauty and sweetness of the peaceful and benign god. Its effect upon the spectator was quite magical. Arrian and Dio Chrysostomos look upon it as a magic draught which banishes all care and pain. 'I think,' said the latter, 'that even a man who is quite cumbered in spirit, who in his life has drunk often of the cup of adversity and sorrow, and to whom the sweet solace of sleep never comes,—I think that even he, when he stands before this statue, forgets all the cruel and alarming accidents that beset the life of man. So happy hast thou (Phidias) been in inventing and contriving a spectacle that is simply

Grief's cure, vexation's antidote,
Making forgetfulness of every care.

And such surpassing radiance and charm has thy art conveyed to the work.' Plotinus says that 'Phidias has conceived Zeus in his imagination as Zeus would have been if he had appeared to him face to face.' But, finally, the most instructive and definite statement of the effect of the statue is given by Quintilian, when he says: 'Phidias is held to be a greater artist in the fashioning of gods than of men, and his Zeus had even added to the existing religion a new element, so closely does the majesty of the work approach the god himself.'

Cicero says that 'Phidias did not fashion his Zeus after any single man; but there had been in his mind some perfect picture of beauty which he had contemplated, with which he had entirely filled himself, and which had directed his hand. But this image,' he says, 'is nothing more than the Platonic idea, of which Plato says that it has no birth but is ever existing, and rests in the human reason and understanding.'—*Waldstein, Essays on the Art of Phidias, p. 73.*

NOTE II.—Page 9.

"*Socrates.*" Pausanias, Book I, ch. xii.

NOTE III.—Page 10.

Through Polygnotus' eye. "Polygnotus held a relation to Kimon similar to that of Phidias to Pericles. In the work of Phidias there is evidence that he studied and knew the principles of pictorial art. Herein we may trace a general influence upon his youthful training exercised by Polygnotus."—*Waldstein, Essays, p. 65.*

NOTE IV.—Page 10.

"*He banished all save One God from our thoughts.*" "Anaxagoras declared that Phœbus himself, the great Delphian god, is nothing more than a glowing ball, which communicates its heat to the earth; that the moon, the Artemis of the Greeks, and the Isis of Egypt, is nothing more than another habitable earth, with hills and valleys

like our own; that there is but one God, the intelligent Mind which has given movement and form to the atoms of the universe, and which, though pervading and governing all nature, is separate, and unmixed with any material substance. But bigotry was alarmed; Diopeithes procured a decree to be passed, that those who were guilty of denying the existence of the gods should be tried before an assembly of the people; and all the influence and eloquence of Pericles when at the height of his power availed only to procure the commutation of the sentence of death into banishment from Athens."—*Felton, Ancient and Modern Greece, Vol. 1, p. 459.*

NOTE V.—Page 11.

"*So carve thou the gold.*"—Plutarch, Pericles, xxxi.

NOTE VI.—Page 12.

"*The Parthenon.*" Perhaps it ought to be admitted that the building thus designated was not so named for a long time after the death of Phidias. It is quite impossible, however, to disengage it from its present name, even for the sake of literal accuracy.

NOTE VII.—Page 17.

"*With clamps and bars within Olympic Zeus.*" "That these statues were provided with a strong central bar of metal or mast-like beam of wood, fixed in the base and running up the whole height of the statue,

from which the thinner cross-bars, clamps, and chains branched out, is finally shown by the fact mentioned by Boetticher (*Teutonic*, ii; p. 409) and quoted by Schreiber, that in the center of the masonry of the base upon which stood the Athene Parthenos there is now to be seen a cavity 0·86 m. (2 ft. 7½ in.) in length by 0·56 m. (1 ft. 10 in.) in width, in which no doubt the great central beam was fixed."—*Waldstein, Essays*, p. 280.

"And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil; for oil is good for the statue at Olympia as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove."—*Pausanias, Book V, ch. xi.*

NOTE VIII.—Page 25.

Hegias, Ageledas. "His first teacher was the Athenian Hegias, the sculptor of the first group of the tyrannicides Harmodius and Aristogiton, erected about 508 B. C. His second teacher, and the one who probably had the greatest influence upon him, was the famous Argive sculptor, Ageledas. — *Waldstein, Essays*, p. 65.

NOTE IX.—Page 32.

Euripides and Socrates. Euripides was also a disciple of Anaxagoras; and such was the intimacy of Socrates with him, that the philosopher was reported to have given help in the writing of the tragedies of the former.

(Diog. Laertius, B. II, 18.) Socrates rarely visited the theatre except when the tragedies of Euripides were performed.—*Ælian, Var. Hist. L. II, ch. viii.*

NOTE X.—Page 36.

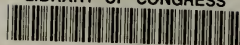
"*This Word of God.*"—Phaedo, 85 (Jowett 1, 434).

NOTE XI.—Page 41.

"*Athene Promachos.*" "The Athene Promachos was fully armed, and if not actually in the attitude of advancing upon her foe, her position was at least suggestive of her power to do so. Quite a different conception of Athene is presented in the statues belonging to the second period, in which Phidias appears first to have become himself and to have manifested the true spirit of his art. Here it is rather the peaceful and benignant side of the goddess that is brought forward."—*Waldstein, Essays, p. 67.*



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